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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 11, 1850. For the National area.

BY MISS PHEBE CARRY.

Blow life's most fearful tempest, blow, And make the midnight wild and rough; My soul shell battle with you now-I've been a dreamer long enough!

Open, O sea, a darker path, The tenth wave of thy fiercest wrath

Were nothing to my strength to-day! Though floating onward listlessly, When pleasant breezes softly blew, My spirit, with the adverse sea,

Shall rise, and gather strength anew. Wake, soul of mine, and be thou strong; Keep down thy weakness, human heart Thou hast unnerved my arm too long,

O, foolish dreamer that thou art ! For I have sat and mused for hours Of harens that I yet should see, Of winding paths of pleasant flowers,

And summer islands in the sea. Forgetful of the storms that come, Of winds that dig the ocean grave, And sharp reefs hidden by the foam

Forgetful, too, that he who guides Slust have a firm and steadfast hand, -Through storm and breakers to the land.

ldly and listless drifting on. Feeding my fancy all the while, As loveslek dreamers feed upon

The honeyed swestness of a smile. Fool that I was-ay! Folly's mock-To think not, in those pleasant hours, How barks have foundered on the rock, And drifted past the isles of flowers.

Yet well it were, if, roused to feel, I yet aver: such fearful fate-The quick, sharp grating of the keel Had been a warning all too late.

But courage still; for whether now Or rough or smooth life's ocean seems, To-day my soul records her yow, Hereafter I am done with dreams!

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

SATURDAY FORENOON, Nov. 2, 1850. To the Editor of the National Era:

rm, dear madam? or you, good sir? Crossing from the Battery gates, (see how they have lately been slushing them and the iron fence, till they glisten, with a mixture of grease and lampblack, allow me to remind you that this is the old historical neighborhood of Manhattan. This light-painted brick house on the corner-a drinking place now, the "Washington"-was erewhile the colonial palace of the last English Governors. Ah! if its venerable walls could speak, what tales might they tell!

Opposite us is the old Bowling Green, oval in shape, and its new fountain already discolored piled rocks, first put there, down which the water used to fall and spatter; beautiful to see. This present is a Frenchified baby-house affair.

The biggest trees of the Bowling Green, as you may notice, are going fast-life has been but ast flickering in them for some years. The great are swept into their limbs and verdure, like a sirocco; and they have never been themselves since. It is a great pity; they acted as a sort of link between us of the present and the people of eighty years since. But the old iron fence is still standing-the same fence that surrounded the Green when the leaden statue of George III was put up inside. If you notice closely, you will see that the large iron posts which occur at intervals, all have their tops broken off. That was done when news of the skirmish at Lexington first came to New York. It was done by the Liberty Boys," with cold chisels, in the night. For those tops bore a royal crown, and the King's

Passing upward: these large, fine houses, most of them with corners, like elbows, sticking out into the streets, are boarding-houses, or hotels. Some of them are indeed superb; Delmonico's, for instance. See, inside there, those dark-faced men, with enormous moustaches; see the palacelike ornaments, and furniture, and the velvet and gold paper on the walls. These are new edifices, commensurate with the value of a locality here; the great fire having crossed to this side of the street, and cleared the way for them. Still onward a block, a few of the old brick houses remain; stiff and forlorn and strange they look now-the remnants of the Knickerbocker families clinging to them yet, however, and preserving every time-honored appearance, for a while, but it cannot last a long while. Fashion has migrated up town. One after another, these houses and lots are transformed into merchants' warehouses. On the opposite side, they are such now, almost without exception. And on this left side, some magnificent rows have been put up, and are occupied by the importers and jobbers. Just look through the doors; you can hardly see to the other end of the long stretch of these exten-

Here, on this corner, but a few seasons stood Grace Church, where Malibran first captivated the public ear. Before us spreads talltopped Trinity, sombre, sulky, and proud, gazing down Wall street. The tomb-yard around is rich with the decayed mortality of many a high New York name. There lies Hamilton, borne to his last home, amid excited friends, and with muttered wishes for revenge against his deadly enemy There is the grave of Lawrence, the pink of naval chivalry—one of a small band whose magnificent maniness and courage go far to re-deem the most aristocratical and absurdly expen-sive emanation of our Government. Under broad st tombstones around, moulders the dust of many earliest of the Cavaliers, the Royalists and the regular churchmen of times long agone.
For this spot has been sacred from the virginity of the island. It has never been used for any other than devotional purposes, or as a resting-place for the dead. Even now, at long intervals, the heavy pecuniary mulet which a statute of our city government requires for all burials within the municipal limits, is paid in behalf of some enn ground. Some time since, strolling down Broadway, I stepped in to seethe reason of a large

company gathered silently in the ground, two or three of them weeping; and found that they had just buried a young married lady there.

We begin to come, now, amid the press and bustle of the street. Every shop window is a rich mine of observation, study, and thought. You may see in them the most beautiful and costly fabrice—nearly everything. You may see in them the most beautiful and costly fabrics—nearly everything, in a material sense, of which the mind can conceive. In some are books,

splendidly bound in Russia, Morocco, or substantial calf. Some large quartos are laid open ex-posing finely drawn and colored engravings. There is one with Scottish costumes—there another of Egyptian antiquities. In one window we behold, through the almost impalpable glass, myriads of articles of cutlery, and bone and ivory work—all imaginable sizes, from the stalwart broadaxe, with ble church. Such was the church with which our keen and polished edge, to the timest lancet or needle-pointed piercer. Here is a fashionable hatter's, whose ample show, as we see beyond, is simplified in front to the extent of three slender

stands—one bearing a hat that purports to be the "London fashion," another the "Paris fashion," and the third, raised a trifle higher, "the New York fashion." You see those clerks and salesmen inside, how busy they are with the retail customers, who seem awkward enough as they scrutinize themselves in the glass. (Truly is

a sudden gust of wind.)

Here are some large stores, exclusively for wares of gutta percha—that wonderfully ductile of substances. Of it are made garments to over-ciothe one from the storm, life-boats to save the wrecked mariner at sea, picture frames, banda-ges for machinery, ring; for infants, cutting their teeth, to chew, the most indescribably grotesque little figures "for forn" shoes, to pe, garters, and a long list of other articles, for ornament and use, to enumerate which would want a column in a

good-sized newspaper.

Again we pass curiosity and luxury shops, crowded with expensive things, to satisfy purely artificial tastes—queer china vases and groups, loathsome reptiles, vermin, crabs, and little monsters, done in rich porcelain, and bought to orna-ment parlors or boudoirs. What a false taste, that thus descends to imitate, for purposes of adornment, what is intrinsically hideous and re-

A shop here for guns, pistols, dirks, revolvers, bowie-knives, and all the long catalogue of implements of blood—a tough sight for a nervous man; and yet, most of that work is exquisite. Those razors, those many-bladed knives, that beautiful little fowling-piece, that revolver, with the inful-and that sword, in a gold scabbard, doubtless intended for a present to some warlike captain or general. Is it a rude coincidence, that the neigh-borning place to the chor of skungaterous means should be a drug store? Behold the painfully bright, clean, and shiny condition of those jars, phials, and gallipots. Is there not something horrible in the complacent neatness of this gathering of all that tastes bad, in the whole range of the animal, vegetable, and mineral world? Who would think that such dainty outsides concealed so much diabolical stuff?

so much diabolical stuff?
You see some of the tailor's shops, but many others are above, on the second floors. Dozens of Daguerrectype operators occupy the third floors, or still higher up, where they can get sky-lights. The New York Daguerrectypists, you must know, are acknowledged to be the best in the world. Whatever artistical objections may be brought against this sort of picture, it is not the less true, that some of the Broadway operators do produce the form and spirit of the face to a degree that defies criticism. Some pictures taken at Law-rence's rooms, by Gabriel Harrison, are perfect works of truth and art. Foreigners are amazed at the great difference in favor of these works over Daguerreotypes taken in the old world. It comes

from our purer, dryer air and light.
St. Paul's church is one of the few quite old o the Editor of the National Era:

churches in our city. It was worshipped in, just the same as now, before and during the revoluand mild, sunny and serene. The excellent tion. Its surrounding yard, like Trinity, has and mild, sunny and serene. The excellent tent its surrounding yard, like Frinky, has reader, (let me suppose.) would enjoy a stroll up the great thoroughfare and fashionable parade ground of our city, far-famed Broadway. My Opposite there, with flags flying, and strange figures of unknown biped and quadruped painted upon the walls, is Barnum's Museum—Barnum, the speculator in Jenny Linds, and, (O that it should either follow, or come before!) in Joice

Heths and Fegee mermaids!
To the right, stretches Park row, merging into Chatham street. After dismally crumbling for some time, the ruins of the Park theatre have at last been cleared away, to give place to shops or taverns. The Park theatre: I cannot let it go without a word. As a fat-cheeked boy, in round jacket and broad shirt-collar, there, trembling with expectation and excitement, I received my and dirty-green. For my part, I don't hesitate first idea of the drama; there I saw Fanny Kemble, to say that I liked better the careless, massively in her early and great days; there I heard Mrs Wood, in tones whose unearthly and pathetic wildness, as she played Amina in Sonnambula. are still in my mind's hearing. There the wierd horrors of Macbeth made my very flesh creep: as Banquo—how well I remember the nervous spasm that quivered through us all, when he entered to the banquet scene, (no common actor, that old Clarke!) with outstretched arm, and bent finger, pointing to his neck so gashed and bloody. Fisher, Henry, Placide, and Povey, played the witches—played them still, many a time afterwards, in the silence of midnight, in my boy's brain, as lay abed, but neither awake nor asleep. Never since have those most grotesquely supernatural creations of our father Shakspeare been represented so well. There Fanny Kemble was the fiery Italian wife, passionate as a volcano, voluptuous as the spirit of wine; and there Mrs. Sharpe, the haughty Marchioness Aldabella, the queenly courtesan, sweeping in her robes and jewels.

How well I remember my first visit to the thea-tre. The play was the School for Scandal. I had silently and suddenly sinking away, to let folks see what was going on within. Then the band; O, never before did such heavenly melodies make me drunk with pleasure so utterly sweet and

"ion" was played here, not long after it apyoung hero. I saw Ellen Tree in it afterward and though that was something to remember for a lifetime. I found that while the more practiced judgment of the man can detect blemishes, the boundless imagination of the boy could fill up every gap, and apply whatever was wanting from author, actor, or stage appointment.

And Richings, that tall, husky-voiced personage, who always "did" the mysterious robbers and ruffians, and the base or buffo parts in musical pieces; and Mrs. Wheatley, that handsome old woman, inimitable as the nurse in Romeo and Juliet; and those pretty dancing girls, her daughters; and Clarke, before mentioned, whose talent yet lives in his daughter; and John Fisher, now dead, best in parts which required a comic dryness, but good in anything; his sister Clara, Mrs. Chapman, with the well-shaped legs; Mrs. Hilson; Hackett, with his excruciating burnon, superior to all other chambermaids in pertness; Placide, the best of comedians; with many others who strutted their hour upon that stage— surely they deserve a passing word for sake of auld lang syne. Many a pleasant evening have

they wrought to me among the rest.
Good bye, old Park. Although the present theatres of our city are cheaper and showier, and make a greater noise, their performances are flat flippant, and crude enough, compared to your doings in your best days. Good bye, old Park. The simple, square, unornamented architecture of the Astor House makes, to my notion, the best appearance of any building in New York. I like not the ambitious attempts at Gothic, or at un-nameable styles, so frequent in our city. There

is not one of them that comes fully up to its own Now from the Astor House, on, and on, and on-how foolish for me to attempt snything like a minute description. This eddying crowd that whirls around us presents not more variety than a hundred other features of the street. What a perpetual rush! Dandies, workmen, clerks, fine ladies, foreigners from all parts of the world— how diversified in person and in dress. Outupon the street, the countless omnibuses keep up a deafening din; no conversation for those walk Broadway. Would you cross to the other side? Be patient, and bide your time, which may

side? Be patient, and bide your time, which may be many minutes.

That large white edifice, on which they are putting an additional story, is Stewart's, the great dry goods place, for the fashiou of America. See what a long row of private carriages surrounds the building. Opposite is the Irving House, the most showy of the hotels.

For the rest of the distance we are to travel—block after block—I must either dispense with any description, (is not what I have given much too long?) or, which is more probable, reserve it for another letter.

For the National Era. SECESSION. - No. 4.

A distinction is often made between the visible

2d. One design of the Lord's Supper is to be a

in the church. We are still in it-and the evils Supper, and have made a schism in the bodybut have effected no more.

These principles are not novel. They were maintained by Cyprian, in his famous treatise Novatians admitted that the principles were true, but denied that they had acted contrary to them. communion unworthy members." These unworthy communion on the same pretext. "The church was polluted-there were bad men in the fellowship-their consciences would not let them remain, lest they should be contaminated." Augustine wrote against them. He took the same ground Cyprian had taked in opposing the Normal State of the contaminate of the same is the free false. And whenever a courch has become apostate, as has the Roman, the Greek, the Neevatians. The Donatists admitted that their prinvatians. The Donatists admitted that their principles were correct, but, like the Novatians, denied that they had contravened them. They maintained that all but their own had ceased to be the true church. They had become apostate by holding in true church. They had become apostate by holding in their communion unworthy members. While some of God has forsaken it. "But whosever hath the our modern come-outers admit that the churches | doctrine of Christ, the same hath both the Father others, more bold and more consistent too, take the very ground of these ancient separatists: "These churches have apostatized. They have unchurched themselves by holding in their communion unworthy members."

Thus Mr. Gilmer says : "The advocates of se cession declare that the bodies from which they have seceded are not such bodies as was the Apostolic church; but they have so far departed ourselves." But the question is, is it a fundamental error? Does it unchurch those churches? If so, we arrive at two startling conclusions. One slave trade. The Friends, or Quakers, after fifty years' discussion among themselves, made the African slave trade a term of communion, and got rid of it about 1740. After fifty years' further agitation, they determined to disown slaveholders, and cleared their communion of them about 1790. They were the first church in make slaveholding a term of communion, the American church of Christ dates back only about sixty years! And as for those churches er strength through our weakness. which have always received slaveholders, and do at all! Is it not time for some of our seceding brethren to begin to inquire into the validity of their own baptisms and ordinations, and, like the Donatists, to rebaptize the members, and re ordain the ministers they receive from other churches? Ought they not to do it now, espe cially when, according to their own declaration, they have excommunicated or cast out of the church all those churches—churches which, if their principle be correct, were never in the true church at all? Let it not be said that the for mer years were dark ages; that these churches have only reached maturity in guilt by resisting t of the present day. Every one acquaint ed with the history of our country during the last century, knows that this is not true.

true light then shone on the subject of human rights with peculiar brightness. If a church is unchurched simply by not making slaveholding a term of communion, we arrive at another startling conclusion—the church of Christ on earth is most discouragingly small All the leading sects of our own country received slaveholders. None but a few of the smaller bodies reject them. Consequently almost the whole of the American church, all but a small minority, goes by the board, if the come-outer principle be correct. This would be discour-aging; but if we look to foreign lands, the sight is more gloomy still. So far as I have been able to ascertain, not a single church out of America has taken the ground that slaveholding is in itself sinful, or ought to be made a term of communion. Even that otherwise noble body, the Free Church of Scotland, refuses to do it. It is well known that that church, with the exception of a very small minority, hold the views of the late Dr. Chalmers on this subject. They were thus expressed by him a year or two before his death— Should we concede to the demands of the Abolitionists, then we incur the discredit (and in proportion to that discredit damage our usefuless as a church) of having given in at the bidness as a church) of having given in at the bidding of another party to a factitious and new
principle, which not only wants but which contravenee the authority of Scripture and apostolic
example, and, indeed, has only been heard of in
Christendom within these few years, as if gotten
up for an occasion, instead of being drawn from
the repositories of that truth which is immutable
and eternal even the principle that is a checkle

If, then, the error that slaveholding ought not to be made a term of communion be a fundament-al error, if it unchurches the body holding it, the Free Church of Scotland, and all the leading churches on the face of the globe, either never were or have long since ceased to be churches of Jesus Christ. The few little churches which reject slaveholders constitute the whole visible church of God! Can this be true? I know that majorities are not always right, and that minorities are not always wrong I stand with this very small minority in maintaining that slaveholders should be debarred from the church, and that should be debarred from the church, and that slaveholding is in itself wrong. But when I am pressed to go further, when I am urged to say that all those evangelical churches which reject my views touching slavery are apostate churches, apartments in the synagogue of Satan, I cry out from the heart, God forbid! They err here, but they are still parts of one fold, under the care of

one Shepherd!

Why, what is a visible church? I receive the definition given in the 62d question of the Assembly's larger catechism—"The visible church is a society made up of all such as in all ages and places of the world do profess the true religion." This is the definition as far as adults are concerned. And it accords with that of Paul—"The church is the pillar and the ground of the truth." It also accords with the declaration of John—"He that hath the doctrine of Christ, hath both the Father and the Son." But no one will maintain that the visible church, in any of her parts, professes and

practices the whole of the true religion-every iota of the doctrine of Christ.

The visible church is and always has been im-

perfect. Our Lord compares her to a field where tares are mingled with the wheat—to a net which gathered bad fish as well as good—to ten virgins five of whom were foolish. And we have Scripble church. Such was the church with which our Lord held visible communion through visible ordinances. Such are the particular churches from which our brethren urge us to withdraw. And such are the churches they organize. The principles I wish to state are simply these:

1st. All true particular visible churches together constitute the one true visible church of Gether constitute the one true visible church of Christ, "not indeed in all its details, but in all its contribution of the co essential distinguishing principles. The fact is, there never have been on this earth of ours but scrutinize themselves in the glass. (Truly is there, on this wide earth, any position where a wisible badge of union and communion with the first control of the control of in the church. We are still in it—and the evils are still in it. We have perverted the Lord's Spirit of God, in his Word. The sum and substance of the other religion is this: "Salvation is by works—heaven is the reward of human merit." Paul calls this "the flesh," because it is the religion devised and held and loved by the flesh—i.e., corrupt human nature. It is the religion of concerning the "Unity of the Church," written the world, as distinguished from the church—that world which consists of Mahomedans and Pagans and Jews, and apostate and nominal Christians. It is the mark of all who are under the curse; "They constituted the one true church. The body from which they withdrew had become opostate, had saving interest in Christ; for Paul says, "Christ unchurched herself by receiving and retaining in her is become of none effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law." It is totally antagonistic to the other scheme; for the same apostle members were reclaimed apostates. Early in the tells us that it "frustrates the grace of God: for fourth century, the Donatists set up a sectarian if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is communion on the same pretext. "The church dead in vain." Here, then, are the only two religions on the face of the globe-the false and the true.

> from which they secede are true churches still, and the Son." It is an outward sign of an indwelling Deity.
>
> Now, tried by this plain Scripture rule, the

churches from which we are urged to withdraw are still branches of the true visible church. With all their defects, Christ still dwells in them; and where he dwells, we may safely abide.

Are there not enough of these divisions already?

Shall we anti-slavery Christians double their number in our land, by coming out of our respective churches, and organizing anew? Would not this be assuming a fearful responsibility? Would it not crush the anti-slavery cause, and inflict a deep from the doctrines and practice of that church, as to be opposed to Christ. And in the proof of this they rest their defence." And the amount of their proof is, that these churches retain slave-holders in their fellowship, and refuse to make slaveholding a term of communion. They openly declare that when they seede from those churches they carry with them all their principles and practices, excepting those touching slavery. Now practices, excepting those touching slavery. Now we freely admit that it is a great error to retain slaveholders in the church. That we ought to "withdraw" from them, or "have no company "have re for the salvation of the sir b of heathen abroad. If one excels in religious knowledge, perhaps another excels in religious fervor. If one gives more money for the salvation of the world, it may be that another is more abun-

is this—no church existed in America until with— in the last sixty years! All the primitive churches in our land received slaveholders, and body of the Son of God, and scatter them wider allowed their members to engage in the foreign | and wider over the earth? Shall we counten not those who do it by uniting with them? Ages have been spent in endeavoring to reach purity secessions and divisions. The plan has failed Shall we not learn wisdom from the past? Is it not time for Christians to learn that their strength under God, is in union, not in division? That reformation in the church, and not secession from America to do it. If, then, a church is not a cal churches adopt for their motto, "one faith, one church of Christ simply because she does not Lord, one baptism," and I am persuaded that slavery, and every other form of evil, will soon per-ish. Let divisions continue and be multiplied and these evils will fatten on our follies, and gath

so still, they have never been churches of Christ in the controversy which I wished to notice. But fearing lest I might weary the patience of the editor and the reader, I forbear.

PETITIONS FOR PEACE, AT THE REQUEST OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

The friends of peace have from the first pro substitutes that should be more effectual than the sword for all purposes of international justice and security. Rulers must of course be the agents in accomplishing this object; and, before the assembling of Congress in December last, we requested the friends of our cause throughout the country the House of Representatives, in response to nu-merous petitions from nearly all parts of the land entertain a proposition for referring the subject to a select committee, that the motion failed only by a single vote, and, but for the very unusual degree of excitement on the slavery question at the time, would doubtless have been readily granted. This obstacle is now so far removed, that we may well hope, at the approaching ses-sion, for a more favorable hearing; and in this hope we would carnestly renew our request, that the friends of peace in all parts of the country will again unite with us in forwarding the largest number possible of petitions like the form which we give below, to be copied with such modifica-

tions as the petitioners may think desirable.

There ought to be two petitions—one to the Senate, and another to the House of Representatives; each of which should be signed by ever, petitioner, and should be addressed, one to a Sen ator from your own State and the other to a Representative of your own district, or to some member of each House, known to be particularly in terested in the matter, with a note requesting his

early and special attention to the subject.

We solicit the prompt and zealous conperation
of our friends in this movement. We must depend entirely on their spontaneous response to this appeal for securing the requisite number of petitions. There is no time to be lost. Congress re-assembles early in December; and the tables re-assembles early in December; and the tables of both Houses ought, the very first week of the session to be loaded with peace petitions from all parts of the land. The work is already commenced under the best auspices in Vermont, where some of her first men, such as her late and her present Governor, and the Presidents of both her Colleges, have commended the movement to public favor. Let this praiseworthy example be followed throughout the country, and there would be poured upon Congress such an expression of the people's wishes on this subject as could hardly fail to secure favorable and efficient action.

We trust we shall not be thought to ask too much in soliciting editors, especially those of the

much in soliciting editors, especially those of the religious press, to lay our requests before their readers, and ministers of the gospel to commend it to their respective congregations, and enlist properly qualified persons to circulate petitions for signatures, and then forward them to Wash-

On behalf of the American Peace Society, and by order of its Exec. Com. Boston, October, 1850.

PETITION FOR PEACE.

To the Senate (or House of Representatives) of the United States:

The undersigned, legal voters (or citizens or inhabitants) of _____, in the State of _____, deploring the manifold evils of war, and believing it possible to supersede its alleged necessity, as an Arbiter of Justice among Nations, by the timely adoption of wise and feasible substitutes, respectfully request your honorable body to take such action as you may deem best in favor of Stipulated Arbitration, or a Congress of Nations, for the accomplishment of this most desirable end.

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A ROMANCE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. "I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire.

in frozen gulfs of cold eternal lie. He tossed aloft through tracks of endless void. But cannot live in shame."-Jounna Baillie.

PART II.

WOLFGANG WALLRAVEN. His face is dark, but very quiet ; It seems like looking down the dusky mouth of a great cannon - Jour Sterling. " Keen him hot, though he seem

He is shadowed by his dream

But 'twill passaway. Burry Cornwall. I do not know what was the power that attracted me so strongly, so inevitably, so fatally, to Wolfgang Wallraven: whether it was magnetism, sorcery, or destiny-or whether it were the gloom and mystery of his manner and appearauce. Certain it is that there was a glamour in smouldering fierceness of his hollow eyes that irresistibly drew me on to my fate. He did not seck my acquaintance-he sought the society of no one. On the contrary, he withdrew himself in a schoolboy, and it made him very unpopular. have. There was evidently something behind

"Who is be. Where did he come from ".".
"Oh! he is a haughty fellow. The eldest son and heir of an immensely wealthy Virginian. You can't make anything of him; let him alone."

I turned my eyes on him. He was sitting at his distant desk—a single, solitary desk in the farthest corner of the school-room. His elbow leaned upon his desk—his brow supported upon his left palm—his eyes bent upon the book lying a pair of splendid black horses, a well-dressed colored coachman, and a smart out-rider, arrived colored coachman, and a smart out-rider, arrived colored coachman, and a smart out-rider, arrived and heir of an immensely wealthy Virginian

"Why does the professor give him that distant single desk, apart from all the other boys? Seems to me that would make him unsocial."

"Why? It's his choice. The young prince is an aristocrat, and does not choose to sit upon a

that young regal brow. My heart warmed, glowed towards him with a mysterious and irresistible sympathy that compelled me to saunter to wards him. (This was in the recess between the morning and afternoon sessions, a period which--he always spont at his politary studying felt in some degree like an intruder-engaged in opposite and contradictory thoughts and feelings, My intellect was seeking to explain the mystery of his solitude and reserve, and to excuse my own intrusion, by this reasoning-"He is the eldest son and heir of an immensely

wealthy Virginia planter and slaveholder. He is of an old, haughty family, and has been accustomed to 'sovereign sway and masterdom' all his life. He is now, however, in a genuine republican school-thank Heaven all our schools, academies, and colleges, are republican—and he finds himself in a mixed company of sons whose fathers peddled needles and thread about the town, and whose mothers sold apples under the trees, and made fortunes at it; and, with his senseless and anti-republican, Virginian hauteur, he thinks himself above these, and withdraws himself from them. Ah! I know these proud, aristocratic Vir ginians well. My haughty uncle was a Virginian, and emigrated to Louisiana. Upon the part of his school-mates, some are proud as himself, and will not make unwelcome advances; while some are only vain and conceited, ashamed of the newness of their wealth, sore upon that point, secretly honoring old respectability, and fearful of being suspected of courting it, will not seek the acquintance of this young aristocrat, lest they be so misunderstood. With me, however, it is different. Myself descended from Lord Botetourt. second Governor of Colonial Virginia-the possessor of a handsome patrimonial estate in Alaleast an equal footing."

So I reasoned, as I said, to account for his re serve, and to excuse my own intrusion. But my feelings utterly revolted against my thoughts My head might think what it pleased, but my heart felt certain that pride of place had nothing to do with the surliness of the strange, lonely boy. As I drew near him, I felt a rising embarrassment-a difficulty in addressing him to whom I had never yet spoken one word. Suddenly a bright idea was inspired. I had by chance my Thucydides" in my hand. I approached his lonely desk, opened my book, and said-

"Master Wallraven, I have a favor to ask o rou. I am in a difficulty about a Greek particle If you assist me I shall feel under a very great obligation."

Never shall I forget the effect of his pictur esque attitude and expression of countenance as stood by him. His form was turned from me. and towards the corner window against which his desk sat. He was leaning, as I said before, with his elbow on the desk-his head on his hand, the fingers of which were lost smid his dark, glossy locks, which drooped over his temples and side face, concealing his face at first from me; but, as face, concealing his face at first from me; but, as I spoke, he quickly, as a startled raven, turned his head, and gave me a quick, piercing glance from his light grey, intensely bright eyes—a glance dilating as it gazed, until it blazed like broad sheet lightning upon me. I had always thought his eyes dark till now. His skin was so sallow-his hair, his eye-brows, his swooping eyelashes, such a jetty, resplendent black—that dark eyes were taken for granted. When now, however, he raised the deep veils of those long, black, sweeping lashes, light-gray Saxon eyes, of that insufferable white fire, that vivid lightning, at once so fierce and so intense that none but Saxon eyes possess, flashed broadly forth upon me. He did not reply to me at first. I repeated my request. He silently took the book, examined the indicated passage, presently solved the difficulty, ceived it and thanked him, I said-

"Master Wallraven, we stand in the sam class every day. I trust that we shall become hetter acquainted."
He looked at me inquiringly

"You know my name. I am the son—the only son and heir—of the late Governor Fairfield, of Sumner, Alabama, formerly of Fairfax county, Virginia. You, being of that State, probably know something of that family, or of the Botetourts, who are connections."

"Yes, I have heard of the Fairfields of Fairfax, and I know the Botetourts by reputation."

"Very well! Now you know who I am, I shall be glad to cultivate your acquaintance, hoping that we may be friends." said I, thinking surely that I had made a favorable impression upon the queer, difficult boy, and made some littated in the sund and all the negroes in Virginia, all the 'property' in the world is worth one such tear of blood as the millious my heart has dropped to ob

upon the queer, difficult boy, and made so tle progress in the confidence of the shy fellow. I was undeceived, however, when, with a dry "Thank you," he dropped the light of his beaming eyes again upon his book. I almost fancied I Some day, perhaps, I will tell you something—not

Never did a lover desire the affections of his womanish weakness. Dark, erect, haughty, re-sweetheart more than I did the friendship and served, he seemed, even to me, quite inaccessible. confidence of my queer, outlandish classmate. My affection for him was so great, my wish to do Never did a lover scheme interviews with his him good so importunate, that, in a few days, I re-

his rank, and his pride, he was by some circumance. Certain it is that there was a glamour in his dark and locked-up countenance and in the compassion—as if, notwithstanding his handsome he then evidently saw not on his little finger. person and fine intellect, he was in reality suffer-ing in heart and brain; and I felt as if, notwithstanding his proud reserve with me, I was his necessary medicine. I felt upon the whole not disappointed with his reception of me. At least "I was thinking wh into solitude—into surliness. This was unusual the ice of non-intercourse was broken, and I might at any time go to him with a Greek Exer-To me, however, his sullen reserve and surly be lent, and at each interview some little progress manner had more interest, more fascination, than | was sure to be made. It was true that I really the opennest and blandest demonstrations of so- never did need his assistance-my classic attaincial affection from any of the other boys could ments being good as his own—as he might have known, had he taken the trouble to think about This is have. There was evidently something me at all; but that appear to his before and under it. He was not all outside. Perhaps the only manner in which it was possible successfully to approach a naughty, reserved, but hold and generous nature, such as I felt his to be one, too, so determinately bent upon solitude one, too, so determinately bent upon solitude. me at all; but that appeal to his benevolence was one, too, so determinately bent upon solitude.
What slow progress I made, Good Heavens! At
the end of hix months our pequantages and scarcely progressed beyond occasional conversations, commencing with a Greek root, or a Latin

open before him-his dark, rich locks hanging to convey Wolfgang Wallraven away. I thoughthasty preparations to return by stage and steamboat to my distant home, or rather to my guardian's house in Alabama, where I have a large was in the ascendant, and it was recommended by the happier for our reconciliation.

I certainly was. For the next week or so, the prince was in the ascendant, and it was recommended. dian's house in Alabama, where I longed to meet again my lovely and beloved young sister, Regina. One day, however, when he seemed unusually

The end of the Easter holydays brought me back to school. There, shortly after my arrival, came Wolfgang Wallraven. He was more gloomy, surly, and solitary, than ever, to all the other boys; of me, however, he was more tolerant. Indeed, in the charming curves of his mouth—a mouth that would have been perfectly beautiful, had not the lips been too closely compressed and the corners too sadly declined. I gazed at him under the influence of a sort of fascination. Yes, there was more sorrow than hanteur darkly written upon that young regal brow. My heart warmed, glow-larged above. My heart warmed, glow-larged brow. My heart warmed, glow-larged brow has been inclined to favor the philosophy of the dual mind, I should the wound. I had better left him alone. He was more gloomy, as a decider warmed warmed whereast eating your festering bosom—let the hand of friendship, of brotherly love draw, it out and dress the wound. I had better left him alone. He wound, I had better left him alone. He wound, I had before been inclined to favor the philosophy of the dual The end of the Easter holydays brought me hair. If any one trait of character stood distinctly grilyout, one day, it was certain that its very opposite in all its strength, and even excess of strength, would reveal itself the next.

As his heart gradually, very gradually, unfolded itself to me—or rather to my love, as a flower might unfold, leaf by leaf, to a sun ray—he would occasion me a succession of surprises, and even shocks—pleasing, painful, costatic, agonizing, acording to the nature and power of new, opposite,

and unexpected traits.

He possessed the highest order of talent, but exhibited a very erratic application. If, for one week, he applied himself concentratively to his tudies, the next week he would be sure to throw aside his books, and pass into the most distrait, muyee, and despairing mood conceivable, from

which no remonstrance, no reproof, of the master professor would arouse him.

As time went on, I still made slow, but certain, progress in his affections; little and very precarius ground I held in his confidence; though still in his manner to me, as in everything else, he was inconsistent, contradictory, incomprehensible, and often astounding. If, upon one occasion, he would treat me with unusual warmth of kindness, upon the next he would be sure to freeze up in

the most frigid reserve.

He was, indeed, a combination of the most discordant elements. As I became intimate with him, of character. A sovereign, overmastering haugh-tiness would alternate with a slavish, almost span-iel-like, humility; a fierce and wolfish moroseness of temper give place to an almost womanish ten-derness. I confidently, logically expected the time when this frozen ice of his reserve would thaw, and drown me with his confidence; on one particular occasion I felt sure it was coming.

I went to his room after school, by appointment I saw the boy who distributed, or rather carried around the letters through the house, coming down the stairs as I was going up, and, pausing only long enough to take a letter for myself from him, I hurried on, intending then to excuse myself to Wolfgang and retire to my room to read my letter, which I saw was from my sister. But as bama, when I shall come of age—end the heir approached his room, the sounds of suffocating sobs reached me, and, throwing open the door, I went in and found Wolfgang sitting at his writing table, his arms extended upon it, his head down upon them, abandoned to the utmost agony

I never shed a tear in my life. I saw my be loved mother, my adored father, die, and I suffered the extremity of bereavement and grief, but never wept, or felt disposed to weep; therefore it was dreadful to me to see a tear in a boy's eye, and here was Wolfgang lost, convulsed with anguish; and sobs and sighs, such sobs and sighs as rive the heart in their passage, bursting from his bosom; and copious tears, such tears as seald like molten lead, wherever they drop, falling from his burning eyes. I saw, yet scarcely saw, an open letter on the ficor. My heart sank within me, to see him so violently snaken with agony. I went to him scarcely knowing whether, in his uncer-tain mood, he would throw himself into my arms, or knock me down. I went to him, and stooping and speaking low, said,

"Wolfgang, my dearest Wolfgang, what is this? Can I in any way comfort or assist you?"

and fell weeping upon my bosom, in the very collapse of mortal weakness, murmuring-"Yes - yes - comfort me, if you can. I am weak - weak as a child - weak as an infant. Oh

seeking to console and sustain him, merely by re-iterated assurances of sympathy and constant, un-failing friendship. At last, I asked, "Is there anything I can do for you,

I could only try to strengthen and soothe him by assurances of affection and esteem, until again observing the letter, I said, "I see you have a letter, Wolfgang. Is it from home? Are your family all well?" His eyes flew wildly around, and fell upon the

"Not now! Not now! I cannot!"

letter. He sprang from me, stung to sudden strength, and, seizing it, tore it into atoms, and flung it from the window, exclaiming, furiously, while his gray eyes blazed with intolerable

while his gray type man and the week! that which I deserved and had a right to, I would seize and make my own though Satan himself with all his legions stood between!"

"Is this, then, a matter of property, Wolf-

gang?"
"Property! Property!" he echoed, with bitterest scora. "Do you suppose that all the money,

"You know my name. I am the son-the only all the land, and all the negroes in Virginis, all

e lit- that I am mad !" "Can I not serve you in any manner, Wolf-

saw two bright spots on the page, like reflections now!"

cast from a sun-glass. There was nothing farther I reluctantly left the room, my thoughts still our afternoon studies to the height of a passion. Of grief, or abandoned himself to such a more than

ties of conversing with Wolfgang, without seeming to obtrude myself upon him.

I felt as if, notwithstanding his extreme youth, his rank, and his pride, he was hy come. der the shade of an oak tree. He fell into si-lence—into gloom. I thought that now was a favorable opportunity. His hands were folded and his eyes bent in abstraction upon a ring which

"Of what are you thinking, Wolfgang?" I asked He started, turned, flashed on me a broad blaze of sheet lightning from his gray eyes, and I was thinking whether the corat, or the tur-

quoise, made the prettiest seal ring!"
Repelled by his freezing reserve, and almost insulting scorn. I arose in anger and left him. That night, as I was in my room alone, he suddenly entered, and throwing his arms around me strained me to his bosom, almost distractedly, say-

Bear with me, Fairfield! I could not sleep with an estrangement between us! Bear with me! I am not always the same. I am an embodied war! I am not dewiff nifetil!" The tender, the childish weakness certainly

possessed him now. I thought—I wished I knew which was his proper self, and which was the other one—whether the daughty, proper ful spirit, or whether the tender, loving, almost infantile nature, was his own peculiar self. I did not like to be a season of the control of the c not like to be hugged by a boy, either. I never did. There is a physical repulsion about the thing; and I felt the antipathy then, even when the affections of my soul moved so strongly towards him. I returned his embrace in a gingerly manner, and then released him, loving him a hundred times more comfortably, after he had withdrawn his arms from around my waist, than I did while they encircled me; but then I pos-sessed a cold, he an ardent temperament. He left

gloomy, I took his hand and said—
"Wolfgang, it is useless to try to disguise the

"Vest Law an occasional reader of romance and they teach me, at least, one lesson of discretion, to wit: that 'where there is much mystery there is more guilt."

Again the broad sheet lightning of his gray eyes blazed forth consumingly upon my face, and he turned white—white as the ashes of an intensely burning coal. I never saw such a diaboli-cal countenance, in all my life, before! I hope to heaven I never shall in all my life to come started from my side, and for days I saw nothing of him; he was ill, or sullen, in his own room. Thus ended my last attempt to win his confidence but not our friendship, which such typhons of

passion seem to shake only to strengthen.

The summer session was soon over, and we were enter college. When we were about to take leave of each other, Wolfgang gave way to his impulsive and passionate nature, and embraced me cordially again and again, saying, in excuse for his emo

again, probably, in this world. I am not going to return here. I am going to college."

urprised, also, at his announcement, "Going to college? What college are you go ing to?"
"To Harvard University," he said, embracing

me again.
'To Harvard? I was to have entered the Uni versity of Virginia; but, Wolfgang, why need we part, since we are Damon and Pythias—come

you also to the University of Virginia."

A thunder cloud darkened his brow, and once "No! Impossible! I cannot go there!" "CANNOT—you understand!"

"Your father is obstinate in his own choice of University, irrespective of your taste and "My father is the soul of kindness and mode But, as you say, he prefers that I should

enter Harvard. Well! my guardian will acquiesce in my wishes in that respect, and as you cannot accom-pany me to Charlottesville, I will meet you at larvard. Au revoir." We took a brotherly leave of each other, and

separated to meet, at the opening of the winter term, at the University.

When I reached home, my guardian was alarmed at what he called my consumptive looks, attributed it to too much confinement and too severe study, and insisted upon my remaining at home, visiting my Louisiana relations, or travelling a year before going to the University. My strength, in fact, for the last six months, had suffered some decline, but it had been so gradual that I had scarcely observed it. The change was apparent to those who had seen me in full health eparated to meet, at the opening of the winter

apparent to those who had seen me in full a half year previous. a half year previous.

Every one likes upon occasion to find themselves an object of interest, especially every one who like me had sadly missed parental affection and solicitude. I had no objection to be petted, coddled, and indulged. I was easily persuaded to give up the contemplated seclusion and monotony of the University for twelve months of pleasing

travel-variety.

I pass over the incidents of my year of travel. I pass over the incidents of my year of travel, as they have little to do with the subject of my story, with one exception, to wit: I found, on visiting the plantation of my old bachelor uncle in East Feliciana, that he had just taken unto himself a wife—a circumstance that might seriously affect my future in one very important respect, reduce my prospects from those of a millionaire to that of a man of very modest competence, such as my moderate patrimony would afford. However, the discovery of the fact had no effect upon my mind beyond exciting my mirthfulness at the amazing secretiveness of the old gentleman about his marriage, for which I could see no rational cause. Why should he not make himself happy at fifty-five? It was late in the day to be sure, and seemed a great deal queerer in an old bache-

and seemed a great deal queerer in an old bache lor who had lived half a century in single blessed-ness than it would have looked in a widower even ness than it would have looked in a widower even older. The probable loss of the heirship of his wealth gave me no sort of uneasiness. The mercenary capacities of a youth of eighteen are not usually expanded enough to take the extent, strong enough to weigh the specific gravity, or shrewd enough to estimate the value of millions. All they want at present is plenty of pocket money for passing fancies and follies.

My twelve months of freedom expires, and, with invigorated health and renewed ardor for study, I prepared to enter Harvard University.

It was at the opening of the winter term that I reached that place, and there I met again Wolfgang Wallraven, so changed as to be—no, not as

I reached that place, and there I met again Wolfgang Wallraven, so changed as to be—no, not as
I to be unrecognisable, for his dark and wild individuality would have revealed itself through all
atmospheres. But could this tall, dignified, selfpossessed, and graceful young gentleman be indeed the development of that fierce, morose boy,
with his sudden gushes of tenderness, his col-